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## POETRY.

## THE CHILD AND ITS ANGEL PLAYMATE.

That tremble 'neath the summer shower,  
And day by day, and hour by hour,  
How faint thy meek reply  
To tender questions of mine,  
A dreamy smile, half divine,  
Fills those dark eyes that strangely shine,  
My child! my child! thou'rt dying!

"Sweet mother—no! but by my side,  
Where'er I go, the child replied,  
Through all this glorious summer-tide,  
Is one you cannot see—  
A little child with sunny wings,  
And eyes like heaven's—of holy things,  
With earnest voice, it talks and sings—  
And softly plays with me!"

"Let us go home," it warbles low,  
And when I say, "I do not see—  
My home is here," it whispers "No!"  
Fair child! thy home is mine!  
And then, of some far lovelier land,  
It fondly tells, where many a hand  
Of orphaned children, hand in hand,  
With sportive fondness treads.

It says, they know not how to sigh,  
For nothing there can drop and die,  
But bloom immortal glad the eye,  
And music sweet thou e'er  
Dost ebb and flow, without alloy,  
From lyres of light, while Love and Joy  
Time to the time, their bliss impart,  
With wearless winged feet.

A purer prayer it teaches me,  
Than that I e'er learned of thee;  
It shows all my thoughtless life,  
It makes me true and kind,  
My angel playmate! most I fear,  
"I will be thy wings and love me here!"  
"Thou'rt mine as in that lovelier sphere—  
O! have me not behind!"

It says this is not life but death,  
A daily waste of mortal breath,  
And all its sweet voice summing  
Me to the other land;  
But when it whispers so,  
The flowers around me brightly glow,  
And yet—and yet, I pine to go,  
And join that joyous band!

My mother! I'll come when thou'rt dead,  
I'll not forget the homeward track,  
But when I find the homeward track,  
The frame, I'll leave and sorrow rack,  
I'll sing thee every morning lay,  
I learn in heaven—I'll lead the way  
For thee to God—my wings shall play  
In dreams of light before thee!

O mother! even now I hear  
Malicious murmur in my ear!  
The child—the angel-child is near!  
I see its light wings glow,  
I see its pure and pleading smile,  
It waves beside me all the while,  
It says my playmate! stay for me!  
Sweet mother! let me go!

Hark to thy plaintive spirit-voice!  
"Let us go home!" again—again  
It comes—soft—soft and refrain:  
My play-mate! stay for me!  
It claps my hands—"I'll wait for thee!"  
"Let us go home!" I go! I go!  
My pinions play—with heavenly glow—  
My mother—I am free!

The fair child lay upon my breast,  
As if in its accustomed rest,  
A slumbering dove within its nest,  
But with the mother's love, it said:  
That never more that pure, blue eye  
To her would speak a soul's reply,  
"She is not dead—she could not die!"  
My child in heaven: adieu!

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

## ANOTHER WATCHMAN FALLEN.

It became my painful duty to record the death of Br. Martin Ward, aged forty-one, of the Maine Conference, who departed this life Tuesday, 14th ult., at the parsonage in Waterville, where he had been appointed to labor the previous year. At the age of about twenty he sought and found the Lord at a camp-meeting in Fairfield. Some two years after he commenced preaching and subsequently joined this conference, of which he has been an acceptable member a considerable part of the time since. The remainder he served as a local preacher. His sickness was typhoid fever, with which he was confined about one week. Truly "he ceased at once to work and live." Naturally of a strong constitution, healthy and robust, he pursued his labors with untiring vigilance. Brother W. was cool, sedate, of a sound judgment, exemplary, methodical in his preaching and deeply devoted in his character. A calm resignation marked his life, nor did it leave him in death. He spoke to his friends with transports of joy in view of his approaching dissolution, and yet could say the Lord's will be done. He would clasp them in his arms and with fervency exhort them to meet him in the realms of glory. He spoke of seeing his niece, the beloved Sarah Jane Ward, of twenty, who but a few weeks ago by the same circle was consigned to the lonely tomb.

His death was triumphant. He has left a wife and four children to mourn his loss. His funeral was attended at East Vassalborough, where he was interred. Sermon by Br. Ayer, at the request of the deceased, on Rev. xxi. 2, 3. Solemn was the scene. Our solemn and impressive burial service was read slowly and sadly we were met here and there by the remains of the foot of the grave of the beloved Sarah, whose memory is still fresh in the minds of many here. While a large family is deprived of a near and dear friend, (one of whom is still a watchman) a circuit of a preacher beloved, we as a church, too have met with a loss which we deeply feel. As preachers of the gospel he was ready, that having our work well done, we may, with the released one before, go up to range the fair fields of eternal bliss. With our brother "we will walk the golden streets by and by." Shall we not, like him, die at our post with our armor on. C. H. A. JOHNSON.

China, November 26.

Mrs. Hannah Andrews, wife of Samuel S. Andrews, was the third daughter of Stephen and Jennie Atwood. She was born in Wellfleet, Cape Cod, on the 17th October, 1784, was married on the 17th January, 1801, in her 17th year, and departed this life on the 17th of August, 1883. She was brought to the experience of religion in 1818, under the preaching of Rev. Charles Virgin, then Presiding Elder. She was a most kind and loving wife and mother. Of her ten children, six are no doubt with her, praising God in heaven, and two of the others are on their way to meet them there. She was a constant attendant on all the means of grace, always at her church and the prayer-meeting, and always had something to say about the blessed Savior. Her sickness was short but very severe, yet she did not murmur or complain. She was a woman of prayer and faith. On the day of her departure from this world, while sitting by her bed-side, I said to her, "My dear, do you think you ever shall get well?" She looked up with that delightful smile I never shall forget, "O no, father, I shall never get out of this bed again. Have you any thought that I shall?" "Why, my dear," said I, "there is hope as long as there is life." "Yes," said she, "but all hopes of my recovery are gone. I shall soon be with my blessed Savior and my dear children." She then gave orders how to dispose of all her things, and then fell asleep in the arms of her Redeemer. God grant that I may so live and die that I may meet her in the kingdom of heaven to part no more. STEPHEN S. ANDREWS.

Boston, Nov. 2, 1883.

Mrs. Emma, wife of Capt. Albert Danforth, died in Barnard, Vt., Oct. 5, aged thirty-three years. The deceased possessed an amiable disposition which rendered her beloved by all acquainted with her. She experienced religion about five years ago, under the labors of Rev. Z. T. Tieland, and the year following became a member of the M. E. Church. As a member of the church, pious, and whenever practicable conscientiously attentive to the means of grace. As a wife, the tears of her bereaved companion sufficiently attest her worth. As a mother, she had but few superiors. During her sickness, which was of but about three days' continuance, she was deprived of her reason the most of the time. But we do not regret her readiness to depart and to be with Christ. R. H. SPAULDING.

Barnard, Vt., Oct. 24, 1883.

Mrs. Mary G., wife of Mr. Sylvester Mathews and daughter of the late Mr. John Giffin, Esq., and Mrs. Sally Giffin, died in Marlow, N. H., of consumption, Aug. 25. When I called to see her for the first time, I had been told to her in regard to preparation for death. She appeared to have but little feeling, yet admitted that she was not prepared to die. The next time I visited her she was more interested and resolved to seek the salvation of her soul. The third time I saw her she was very much interested, and said she could not die until she felt different. From this time she sought the Lord with all her heart until she was made happy in a Savior's love. After this she was increasingly happy till she breathed her last with "Glory to God" upon her tongue. These were her last words. She conversed with her companion and other friends, and warned them not to neglect religion as she had done. R. H. SPAULDING.

Marlow, N. H., Oct. 18, 1883.

P. S. The Congregational Journal of Concord, N. H., will confer a favor by copying the above.

R. T.

MR. BENJAMIN LUST died in Penobscot, Me., Sept. 11, aged sixty-three years. Br. Lust experienced religion about four years ago, under the labors of Br. Joseph Gerry, and connected himself with the M. E. Church in this place. Since that time until his death he has lived consistent with his profession. At the time of his death he was called of God, sought and found pardon, and as death approached, was enabled to trust confidently in the merits of Christ. He sleeps in Jesus, with his companion who had gone before him. May the affliction be sanctified to all the family. DAVID HIGGINS.

N. Penobscot, Oct. 25, 1883.

## SEAMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

To the Editor of the Herald.—In your paper of August 12, 1880, is an account of an interesting scene on board a ship in this harbor. The ship was the Mary and Susan, and the master was William Neal. Your readers will find by reference to the paper of that date, that the captain was a pious man, and that at the time referred to gave a warm exhortation to his crew, who were in the midst of a storm. The captain, after he had prayed fervently for the officers and crew. Never can I forget that morning when I saw a shipmaster stand before his whole crew, and look to God for his protection, guidance and blessing. I know he had family worship on board during that voyage, and also his life subsequently has exhibited the Christian character.

By the arrival of the ship Tallahassee into New York we learn the melancholy tidings, that he was washed overboard from the deck of that ship in a violent gale. By the statement made below by the Rev. Lyman Coleman, who was a passenger, we learn that this same pious shipmaster, to the day of his death, continued steadfast. We can but hope that when the sea shall give up its dead, this good man together with thousands like him will be found on the right hand of God, having their names written in the "Lamb's Book of Life." PORTSMOUTH, N. H. JOHN BALL.

## A THRILLING INCIDENT AT SEA.

The following sketch, abridged from a New York paper, is drawn up by Rev. Lyman Coleman, who was a passenger on board the Tallahassee, and witnessed the exciting scene in the life of our lamented townsman, Capt. William Neal.

For several days previous to Sunday, September 20, the ship Tallahassee had a succession of light and variable breezes, and tended frequently with alternate calm and squalls. A very heavy cross sea was also constantly rolling, now in one direction, now in another. These tossing winds and high seas indicated (as Capt. N. O. intelligent and interesting commander supposed), that we were sailing in a maelstrom, and that the ship was in the power of the elements. The ship was in the power of the elements, and the captain turned hastily into the cabin to look at the barometer, while the mate called the hands to the decks. While they were yet in the act of loosening the ropes, the captain returned, and instantly countermanded his orders—"let every thing stand as it is!" An hour later the wind blew a stiff breeze from the southwest, giving the promise of a favorable run. 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children. They are equally dear to him. They were just as much redeemed by the atoning sacrifice. Their eternal welfare is equally precious in the sight of God, and they were made for eternal exaltation and blessedness just as truly and fully as the most favored being that walks the earth.

All this is true and will never be denied. But how does such a view consist with these same innocent men being, by their fellow men, made slaves, made chattels and things personal, led about at their lifetime at the will of another, required to labor for another year after year without their consent, and without any voice in respect to their compensation, with no compensation save a bare subsistence, enshrouded in ignorance, crushed to the earth, forbidden to rise, taken by violent hands and sealed with prodigious and frightful degradation, and their posterity after them, to the day of general doom! How, we repeat, will these two things compare? Christianity proclaims that God, the great parent, recognizes his creatures of equal worth, and as equally dear to himself. A part of those dependent children rise up and completely subjugate the remainder to their own wills, and establish a difference between the two classes as wide as could exist between beings of the same race. With their own hands they exalt themselves into lords, and subject the rest to perfect degradation, and then make sure of every appropriate means to perpetuate their detestable and abominable distinction. Tell us, ye crafty, of whatever nature or clime, can these two things consist together? Can Christianity and American slavery ever be reconciled? Must not one inevitably destroy the other?

But let it be observed, further, that Christianity enjoins perfect humility. He who has caught its spirit, and has become transformed by its influence, is humble. In his own view he is less than dust of the earth. He is ready to pronounce every one better than himself. He seeks to take the lowest place among all his race. If before, any haughty or lordly sentiment or spirit lurked within him, it is, under the influence of religion, banished from his heart; and with the lowliness of a little child, he would sit at the feet of his fellow men.

This is the spirit of Christianity. But what fellowship or sympathy has such a spirit with slavery? How could a man, thus subdued by the gospel, ever subdue a fellow man to bondage, or retain him there for a day? How could a man, viewing himself as having the smallest claims to happiness, and all his regard the same time seize upon one or more of that race, and, without their consent, claim for himself their means of happiness? How could a man, the lowliest of all in his own estimation, sustain a relation in which it is implied that he is so much better than some other innocent men, women, and children, as that he may, without consulting them, be their lord and master, and they his chattels and property? Impossible, we answer—utterly impossible! So certain as the Christian religion renders a man as a little child—lowest of all in his own estimation, just so certain will it forbid or prevent him from any participation in the business of involuntary bondage. This humble and Christian individual would a thousand times sooner "be himself slave, and wear the bonds," than fasten them upon one whom, as we have seen, he esteems as more deserving than himself.

It should be observed, yet further, that Christianity enjoins perfect justice and equity. It teaches to render to all their due, to defend not one the other—respect the natural rights of all men. It teaches that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that the cry of that laborer, when his hire is fraudulently retained from him, is heard by the Lord of Sabaoth.

Here, too, Christianity is diametrically opposed to American slavery. The slaveholder of the south gives not his slave his due. First, he gives him not his natural rights, one of which is liberty. Then, secondly, he appropriates to himself the earnings of the slave. What has that poor slave done that he should toil all his day and have no voice in the disposition of his earnings? He obviously earns more than his bare maintenance, otherwise he would not be retained in servitude. What becomes of those extra earnings? Who takes that man's wages? Do you say that the master has a right to those earnings in remuneration for bringing up the slave from his birth? Then, why has not the same master moral right to his own son's earnings during all the life of that son? Do you say that the master has a right to those earnings because he bought the slave for a sum of money? Then, he would have a moral right to his earnings, should he be stolen and sold to him for a sum of money. There is no reason under heaven, why the slave should be deprived of his earnings more than ourselves, who address you. But Christianity forbids you to deprive us, without our consent, of what we may earn. It is just as truly forbids you to take, without the slave's consent, the fruits of his weary toil.

Here you will again ring the charge of fanaticism. Well, you and your slaves are hastening to the judgment and the awful retributions of righteousness, and we will meet you there. On that great day, we, together with the assembled nations, shall have the opportunity of hearing the sufficient reason why southern Christian slaveholders might grasp, unblinded, the earnings of one class of innocent men, more than those of another class; and, in general, why that class should be boundmen more than others. If there ever was silence throughout the universe of God, there will be silence during that recital. From ancient Adam, down to the latest born of his line, the vast race of assembled men will stand still and listen. The shining ranks of heavenly intelligences bending from their spheres of light, will gaze in astonishment. Infernal spirits, damned, will cease for a moment, their wailings of despair, when that account is rendered.

Let it be observed, finally, that Christianity enjoins perfect benevolence. It requires perfect love from man to his fellow man. In other words, that he should love his neighbor as himself; and all things whatsoever he would that men should do to him, these he is to do to them.

Can it need any argument to show that this one feature of Christianity must be perfectly and instantly fatal to slavery? Angelic lovelessness and Satanic deformity are not at all more unlike than is the principle of the golden rule and the principle of American slavery. Suppose, if it were possible, that a Methodist slaveholder should, by some dreadful calamity, be reduced to the condition of his slaves, and become himself a bondman for life. What would that man desire might be done for him? The answer is, he would desire that vigorous measures might be taken to effect his safe emancipation, and that these measures should be commenced without delay, and prosecuted every moment with the utmost diligence until his freedom should be secured. Brethren, is not this the truth? Fastening your eyes upon the great white throne, whence shall proceed your last sentence and ours, we beseech you to answer this question sincerely. Being slaves, would you not wish to be safely and happily free? Would you not ask that the earliest, most constant and persevering efforts should be made in your behalf, until your fetters should be broken? Your own present duty, then, is plain. The light of Christianity, on the subject of your duty to your slaves, is without a veil. You may no more resist it than you may turn back the rays of the sun blazing from a cloudless sky. If, under a change of circumstances with your slaves, you would wish for immediate measures to be taken for your liberation, then there is no

other righteous way for you to pursue than at once to undertake those very measures in behalf of your slaves. Thus, if we mistake not, it is perfectly manifest that the gospel, in its genius and spirit, is directly adverse to American slavery. They are antagonistic principles, and can never be made to harmonize. There is not, there never can be, the smallest affinity or fellowship between them. Just so far as the one prevails, the other will decline;—as the one advances, the other will retire. All this has been fully exemplified in the blissful progress of Christianity, and it is a matter of history that the Christian religion was the most powerful of all the causes that operated to effectuate the extinguishment of slavery throughout Europe. And if the gospel ever fully triumphs in this land, slavery will perish before it. If the pure religion of Christ ever triumph in any slaveholder's heart, slavery will die out of that heart, and find no more a habitation there.

Indeed, to conclude our remarks upon the Scriptural view of this subject, we ask, of what pertinence or use, in behalf of American slavery, is this incessant harping upon the Scriptural authority, for the abstract relation of master and servant, when it is an undeniable truth that the precepts of the gospel are entirely opposed to the constituent and indispensable elements entering into that system of slavery? We rest and test this solemn matter here.

Whatever system is based upon principles which are opposed to the precepts and genius of the gospel, is wrong and wicked, and should be abandoned without delay.

American slavery is based upon principles which are opposed to the precepts and genius of the gospel. That slavery is therefore wrong and wicked, and should be at once abandoned.

As the second of the above propositions is the one that will be called in question, we affirm the following to be among the main principles that support the system of American slavery:

1. The natural rights of one man are greater and more valuable than those of another man.
2. The earnings of an unoffending man may, without his consent, be appropriated to the use and benefit of another man.
3. An unoffending man may be so far prevented, by another man, from cultivating his intellect, as never to be able to read, search, and understand the Scriptures.
4. A husband and wife may be violently and forever separated, or a child may be violently or forever separated from its parent, simply by the will of a third person.
5. For the reason that an innocent mother is subject to the privations involved in the above-named principles, her innocent offspring may be subject to the same privations.

These five principles are the main elements in the system of American slavery. They are constituent, fundamental, vital principles. Remove these, or even the first one named in the category, and this whole system of slavery would tumble to utter ruin in a day.

But what shall we say of these same five principles? What? We say that they are *accursed, rotten, and damnable*. There is not one of them but that seeds of the bottomless pit. The cloven foot of devilish wickedness lurks in every one of them. They are all entwined and bedesired by the hideous serpent of wickedness. They are the spawn of hell—filthy dogs from the womb of sin. So utterly far are they from being reconcilable with Christianity, that the holy principles of the gospel would blot them out more suddenly than fire out of heaven consumed filthy Sodom.

Away, then, with these principles. Down with the horrid system that is erected upon them. Let never a single argument be attempted for its support. It is a system, for which there is no name in any human language sufficiently bad. As the mind contemplates it, utterable indignation and disgust swell the soul. We contemplate the fallen angel who seduced our first parents, and call him devil, and he is a name; but the slaveholder, the epitome of evil, the thing called slavery, this ugly child of that devil, all language fails properly to christen. The intelligent and pure mind, under a fair contemplation of the abomination, is perfectly conscious of the utter impotency of words to express its sentiments and feelings, and that mind stays away in silence from the horrid scene, declaring that it must remain nameless and undescribed. Let it perish! Oh! let no man touch the Bible to sustain it, or any part of it. Would he presume to open the Bible to sustain those five vital, indispensable principles? Then let him close up that book wherever he undertakes the defence of the slavery which is founded upon them, or of any part or parcel of the infernal scheme.

And now, beloved brethren, bear with us if we beseech you, as now we do, to abandon all participation in the work and system of American slavery. We urge this important step upon you, first and principally, for the great and sufficient reason that has been made so prominent in the foregoing remarks. That reason is, that *American slavery is a system of inherent and prodigious wrong*. It is confessedly originated in man stealing and robbery, and from this dismal stain can never be washed away. Bear in mind, also, that the condition of slavery is one beyond measure, and beyond all humanities; a condition which you yourself would resign almost every thing to escape. A slave!—Alas! what debasing and awful associations linger around that name! Introduce him. He stands and walks a man, it is true; he appears after the similitude of a human being. Yet oh! how false! He has lost that which, if his master should lose, he would feel that all was gone, and turning his eye away from this forlorn world, he would look up and desire to die. In this sad condition there are his moment retaining men, women, and children, that are as innocent of crime as yourselves. These innocent beings you assume to own. Their hands and their feet, their physical strength and intellectual capacity; all these you count your property. Lead forth that slave man; then take from the pocket-book a certain sum of money, and you assume that the man is an article, possessing the value of said sum of money. Or lead forth that man together with a horse, and you assume that the horse, with a balance of a certain number of dollars and cents, is equal to the man. That is to say, you subscribe to a system, and you help uphold a system, which strips a human being of the attributes of his race, and converts him into a commodity; a system which tears an innocent human being from the position which God and nature designed for him, and hurls him headlong down to the actual condition of cattle. Nature, reason, Christianity, and common humanity, all agree to denounce such a system as totally wrong, and every individual example, covered by the system, as wrong and wicked. For your own soul's sake, then, beloved brethren, we beg you to withdraw from all further participation in this vile business. Cleanse your hands from an abomination so disgusting and dreadful. "If you have any regard to justice, to say nothing of mercy, nor the revealed law of God," render to a slave his due. Give liberty to whom liberty is due, that is, to every child of man, to every partaker of human nature. So spoke the great and good Wesley to our ancestors, seventy years ago. We do affectionately, yet decidedly and solemnly, reiterate his warning. Brethren, to the very utmost of your power, give liberty to every child of man, to every partaker of human nature. Hasten the great work, lest you die with the guilt of the wrong of slavery fastened upon your souls.

In urging you, beloved brethren, to withdraw from all participation in slavery, we appeal, secondly, to the *rightful equity and justice* incidental to the slavery of this country. There is enormous cruelty, indeed, belonging to the very nature of that slavery. What more cruel than to plunge an unoffending man into interminable bondage, and reduce him to a chattel? To chop off his right hand and his right foot, and tear out his right eye besides, would not be half so cruel. Then what shall be said of those incidental cruelties, numerous and abominable as the frogs and lice of Egypt, and as sure to follow in the train of slavery, as hell to follow death and the pale horse. We might point you to all the varied grim and infernal apparatus of bondage, such as chains, and manacles, and handcuffs, and thumb-screws, and iron neck-collars, and foot-rings, and clogs, and bars, all designed to be fastened upon beings as free, at least, from crime, as are those who make use of these detestable instruments of degradation. We might point you to the gloomy category of chastisements and punishments inflicted upon American slaves. We might speak of horrible lashings upon bare backs, "well laid on." We might speak of bruises and broken bones, and shootings, and feterings, and imprisonments. We might speak of mutilations of fingers, toes, feet, ears, and teeth. We might mention borings, and brandings, and manings, and hangings, and death. Again, we might point you to the poor slave's compulsory, degraded, unrequited, and everlasting toil, under the detestable lash of the overseer. Or we might point you to the fact, that long and weary as may be the bondman's toil, he can own nothing. Whatever might be given him, or whatever he might acquire, is but the property of the master, and he, whose very hands and arms are his own, may be sold to any owner. We might point also to the dreadful fact that the bondman, amid all the other cruelties of which he is the victim, has no wife that is known in law, and can have none; while, if there is a being called his wife, and whom he loves as his own soul, yet he is, every day, liable to see her torn from his arms and hidden away in some distant land, or, if he be a father, a similar doom threatens him. The little son or daughter that was wont to meet him as he came weary from his toil, is sold, and shall comfort the father and mother no more in the land of the living. We might point you to the fact, that all right of self-defence against a white person is declared from the slave of either sex, and that, notwithstanding the greater ignorance of the bondman, yet, by the wicked laws of slavery, multitudes of offences are punishable with death upon slaves, which are punishable by imprisonment only, when committed by white persons. We might point you to the woful licentiousness which is the unfailing accompaniment of slavery; in which masters as well as slaves are wont to be implicated, and which, as the sin of Sodom, cries aloud for the burning vengeance of heaven. Finally, we might point you to the mournful ignorance in which the slave is compelled to remain; forbidden to learn to read, and, consequently, prevented from being able to read the Scriptures, in the midst of a nation professedly Christian, and yet forbidden, by those Christians, to search the holy Scriptures.

We would not insinuate, brethren, that you are guilty of most of these execrable cruelties. We willingly believe that your slaves are in a more favorable condition. But we need not say that all these cruelties and wrongs are incidental to the system; are actually, in thousands of instances, realized in all their bitterness, and are those which your own slaves, by events which you cannot control, are exposed to feel to the utmost. From such a diabolical system, therefore, pregnant with cruelty and wickedness—a system which is evil in itself, and which we do not mean to cure, but to seek its overthrow by every lawful means? But it is said that we are seeking its overthrow, as of every other sin, by promoting the Gospel and its purifying principles? If this be the ground assumed by the northern ministers and members of the M. E. church, then we do most solemnly submit it to you, beloved fathers and brethren, whether it be not time to pause and consider. Who will come forward and report progress?

Who will stand forth and announce to Christendom our success, as a church, in tearing down the system of American slavery? He need not report how many slaveholders have professed conversion, and united themselves, their slaveholdings, and all with the Methodist church. For heaven's sake let him keep that one item behind the curtain! Nor need he repeat how many slaves have been converted by their instrumentalities. This also will not be pertinent.

Who will bring it all before the world, and yet cry to death, by the *deceitful* slavery. Let the reporter announce what we have done, as a church, to tear down and demolish the devilish system. Let him publish what inroads we have made upon the system. Which of its iniquitous laws have been the means of abrogating? Which of its pillars or traces have we knocked away? Which of these supports have we at all shaken? What wheel of this heathen, monstrous juggernaut have we broken? Which of all we have even clogged? Does, or does not, this cur of hell roll on as ever? Are there any less cruelities, less groanings and tears, less of filth and obscene rites, associated with its worship? Let the reporter tell at what age of the world, reasoning from the past and present action of the Methodist E. church, American slavery will fall by that instrumentality. Or, let him report what inroads we have made upon the system. Which of its iniquitous laws have been the means of abrogating? 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